Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER — PROUDHON

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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Hudor Genone contributes to this number of Liberty a decalogue which is a considerable improvement upon that of the scriptures. But I take exception to the disparagement heaped upon the term "atheist" in the first of his commandments, and to the implication in another that marriage is lamentable only when it is loveless. To my mind even loving marriage is more to be deplored than loveless prostitution; for sale of the body merely is a trivial thing compared to sale of one's liberty.

Rev. Dr. Rainsford declares that "there is not one single paper in this city with any considerable circulation that cares a fig for any mortal thing but making money." Though this statement surpasses in point of accuracy most of the utterances that come from the pulpit, it is not quite correct. The reverend gentleman has overlooked the "Evening Post." That journal does not lie for money. In fact, it shows a certain independence, both of its advertisers and of its readers. If the "Post" lies habitually regarding certain matters, it does so from an inborn love of certain falsehoods. In the art of lying Godkin is an amateur, not a professional.

Mr. Justice Brewer, of the United States supreme court, having ventured to express anti-expansion views, the New York "Sun," after criticising his position at some length, suggests that his post "should keep him out of hasty judgment as to subjects which in one way or another may come to be passed upon by the supreme court." Why so? Does not Justice Brewer, by expressing his opinion in advance, get the benefit of the "Sun's" luminous counsel and criticism? In my opinion the federal constitution should be so amended as to prohibit the supreme court justices from ruling collectively on any question until each of them has been examined upon it individually by the editor of the "Sun."

An applicant for an exemption certificate under England's new vaccination act having stated that he "objects to his child being vaccinated because he does not wish it and has heard that children have died of it," the sitting magistrates, one of whom was Rider Haggard, the novelist, denied the application on the ground that the objection was "not a conscientious one within the meaning of the act." The chair of moral philosophy in some university of standing should be given to Rider Haggard, in order that he may tell us, *ex cathedra*, what conscience is. I have long suspected that I don't know what it is myself, and now I am sure that I don't; for, prior to Mr. Haggard's judicial deliverance, I certainly should have assumed that a parent's scruple against depositing in his child's body a substance that might kill the child is to be rated as a conscientious one. But my mind is now settled on one point at least,—that the author of "She" is as bright a light in jurisprudence as in literature.

Governor Roosevelt, in his message to the legislature, laid stress upon the subject of useless offices, and in that connection urged an inquiry into the advisability of continuing the office of special commissioner of jurors in the counties of New York and Kings; and Senator Marshall, of Brooklyn, has introduced a bill for the repeal of the special jury law. Accordingly Commissioner Gray, seeing that his "bread and butter" are in danger, is hastening to get his machine into operation. After drawing three years' salary, he is at last to furnish twelve men to try a case. And what is the first case selected for trial by special jury? That of a lawyer accused of subornation of perjury in connection with accident litigation against railroad companies! Here we get strong evidence of the truth of my contention that the purpose of this law is to give to capitalists the decision of all disputes concerning the rights of labor. Subornation of perjury is undoubtedly a grave offence, and, if the lawyer in question has been guilty of it, he should be convicted. But the question of his guilt should not be decided by a jury of capitalists whose interests and prejudices bias them in the direction of anything tending to discourage litigation against corporations by workmen injured in their service. Yet by such it is to be decided, and mainly because stupid labor, led by greedy fakirs, has refused to give ear to my warnings of the past two years. But the commissioner has encountered a temporary snag at the start. A panel of one hundred special jurors was drawn in the presence of a supreme court justice, the hundred unfortunates appeared in court in obedience to notice, and there was much ado in the newspapers about the valuable time that was to be saved by the operation of the new law. But no sooner had the court come in than the defendant's counsel pointed out that the sheriff had neglected one of the formalities prescribed by the law, thus obliging the judge to dismiss the panel and postpone the trial for a month. After this object-lesson in time-saving, Commissioner Gray, who had come into court with face beaming at the prospect of a chance to pretend that he is of some use in the world, experienced a collapse that made him a picture of dejection and despair.

Seth Low, answering those who urge that "our action, in demanding a cession of the Philippine Islands to ourselves, is comparable with what the action of France would have been if, at the end of the Revolutionary War, France had made peace with England by demanding the cession of England's American colonies to herself," says, on the other hand, that "the demand of those who seek a joint protectorate for the Filipinos is like a demand on the part of France, had she made it, that England's colonies should be left to the Indians under a joint protectorate." There is a certain truth in Mr. Low's view. But the real truth is seen neither by Mr. Low or by his opponents, the anti-expansionists. The false principle of nationality lies at the bottom of the existing confusion on this subject. We never shall see our way clear in such matters until we dismiss the idea that certain lands belong exclusively to certain races,—an idea shared by all governmentalists, whether expansionists or not, and disputed only by Anarchists. The confusion is dispelled the moment we acknowledge the truth that all occupied and used land belongs to its individual occupants, and that all unoccupied land, wherever it may be situated, is open to the occupancy of any individual, to whatever race he may belong. The English who colonized this country had no right to drive the Indians from their homes; but, on the other hand, there being here an abundance of unoccupied land, the colonists had a right to come and settle on it, and the Indians had no right to prevent them from doing so. The colonists, if interfered with by Indians, had a right to defend themselves, and to seek external aid for the control of those Indians assuming an offensive attitude, but they had no right to wage war on peaceful Indians. And the same principle holds with regard to the Filipinos and the islands which they inhabit. Any American has a right to go to the Philippines and there live and work and trade in peace and freedom, and any one attempting to stop him, be he German, Russian, Chinese, or Filipino, is an offender to be dealt with as rigorously as necessity may require. But, when Americans go in a body to the Philippines, armed and equipped for the assumption of eminent domain over lands occupied and used by the Filipinos, these natives have a right to blow the American vessels out of the water, and it is to be hoped that they will succeed in doing so. In that case we shall have something besides the Maine to remember.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

☞ The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

"Sociocracy" and Government.

I am not unfamiliar with the sociological works of Lester F. Ward, but his views on ethics, society, and government, as expounded in his "Dynamic Sociology" and recently-published "Outline," did not seem to require notice. On the "scratch me, and I'll scratch you" principle, some of our learned sociologists, whose Pickwickian discoveries (Prof. Giddings's "consciousness of kind" is a fair illustration) somehow fail to startle the world, gravely speak of Mr. Ward as a most original and profound thinker and philosopher. They have succeeded in introducing his books into certain colleges, and thus Mr. Ward is ridding the minds of the rising generation of politicians, reformers, and business men. Some time ago I heard the important intelligence that Mr. Ward had freed society from the alternative presented by Socialism and Anarchism and opened a new vista, a new road to salvation. "Sociocracy" is the name of the new solution of the social problem, and its meaning and scope are explained in "The Psychic Factors of Civilization," a work published several years ago. To acquaint myself with sociocracy became a duty, and to share with others the knowledge gathered and assimilated will be a pleasure and satisfaction.

Mr. Ward speaks very contemptuously of "ethics," or moral science, whose importance, according to him, has been grotesquely exaggerated. The social problem is how to lessen the friction due to the biological law of natural selection and the struggle for existence, which, in economic parlance, is called competition. Whereas the "biological sociologists," seeing the identity of this with what is going on in the animal world, imagine that it must be healthy and beneficent and conducive to progress, the psychological sociologists, like Ward, know better. They realize that, "with the advent of the intellectual faculty, an entirely new dispensation was inaugurated; that the old and slow biologic method of organic development was superseded by the new and rapid method of transforming the environment and adapting it to man, so that this holding over of the principle of animal rapacity becomes an anachronism, loses all its former developmental value, and stands as the one great obstacle in the path of human progress."

How to get rid of this one great obstacle is a problem which has nothing to do with ethics. It is not a moral question at all, and can be properly considered only in the dry light of science. "The proper name for this science is meliorism,—the science of the improvement or amelioration of the social state."

Without stopping to ask what arbitrary definition Mr. Ward attaches to "ethics," and by what right he implies that the "dry light of science" necessarily excludes the ethical standpoint, let us carefully examine the nature of the problem formulated by Mr. Ward. Meliorism aims to abolish social friction, and its method is the transformation of the environment. Instead of preaching virtue and love, meliorism tries to do away with the necessity and opportunity for aggression and injustice. It brings men's inventive faculty to bear on social relations. But what "environment" does Mr. Ward refer to? Not the physical, surely, for exploitation, injustice, and slavery are possible under the most perfect control of nature by man. The *social* environment, then, is the one to be transformed. And what is the social environment? The actions, institutions, habits, and ways of man.

If we are to undertake this reformation, we must have a criterion of social and anti-social actions. Mr. Ward does not propose any criterion. He harps upon the fact that society, become conscious of a corporate existence and corporate interests, must proceed to map out a field of operation for the realization of its own interests, and he suggests that society profit by the lessons of individuals and keenly pursue its advantage. But how are we to determine what is to the advantage of society? The individual is guided by his intellect, but how is society to be guided?

By the social intellect, answers Mr. Ward. Where and what is the social intellect? If society *had* an intellect, the problem would solve itself. Let us see what Mr. Ward has to say on this point. In his chapter on social consciousness he deals with the "principal objection that has been offered to the doctrine that society is an organism,"—namely, "that it possesses no organ of consciousness." He observes that, "*as the whole theory is merely an analogy*, it would not *perhaps* be more difficult to find the analogue of the brain than any of the other analogues that have been so carefully searched for." After discussing partial and universal organizations, and arguing that "a government *may* be regarded as consisting of all the individuals within its jurisdiction," Mr. Ward asks: "Why *may* not this universal or complete organization of any given country [government, State, or nation] be taken as the analogue of the organ of consciousness in the animal, and thus complete the analogy of the social to the animal organism?" We shall presently see why we may not do this, but at this point we are concerned to note that the philosopher and psychologist, forgetting his cautious "perhaps" and "may," on the next page concludes that, *because* "in the animal it is always for its good that consciousness works, and [as] we have seen that the sole purpose for which government exists is the good of individuals," *therefore* "government, in so far as it acts at all, is the servant of the will of its members *in the same way* that the brain is the servant of the animal will."

What marvellous psychology, logic, and philosophy! In the animal it is *always* for its good that the brain works; in government we often find action detrimental to the members and sometimes utter failure to act when it ought to act (speaking, of course, from Mr. Ward's standpoint); yet, because *in theory* government exists for the sole purpose of promoting the good of individuals, we may ignore the sins of omission and commission, and "complete the analogy" by *taking* it as the analogue of the animal brain!

If Mr. Ward believed that the government *always* acted for the good of individuals and never caused dissatisfaction and rebellion among these by its blunders and crimes, his completion of the analogy would at least be consistent and comprehensible. When the government fails in its alleged purpose, and Mr. Ward, guided by *his* intellect, pitches into it and calls it names, what becomes of the "social intellect," government, of which Mr. Ward's intellect is a component part? When a minority—often nearly half of the population—rises and denounces government, where is the "social intellect?" Is it in the majority? Then what becomes of the claim that we *may* take the universal organization, including all the members of the nation, as the analogue of the brain, *because* it is universal and all-inclusive?

Here is a passage on government from the next chapter:

> The world appears to be approaching a stage at which those who labor, no matter how skilled, how industrious, or how frugal, will receive, according to the iron law formulated by Picard, only so much for their services as will enable them to "subsist and perpetuate their race." The rest finds its way into the hands of a comparatively few, usually non-producing individuals. . . . . These are great and serious evils, *compared with which all the crimes, recognized as such, that would be committed if no government existed would be as trifles.* The underpaid labor, the prolonged and groveling drudgery, the wasted strength, the misery and squalor, the diseases resulting, and the premature deaths that would be prevented by a just distribution of the products of labor would, in a single year, outweigh all the so-called crime of a century, for the prevention of which, *it is said*, government exists.

This is Mr. Ward's opinion of our government,—the best in the world, according to him. The "it is said" is truly delicious when placed beside the "psychological" statement that, because the good of individuals is supposed to be the sole purpose of government, therefore government, in so far as it acts at all (and it acts, Mr. Ward tells us, in such a way as to prevent comparative trifles and encourage and legalize terrible evils and wrongs), is the servant of the will of its members exactly as the brain is the servant of the individual, for whose good it always works. Really, the reader is entitled to an apology for this analysis of puerile, self-contradictory, trivial, and ignorant stuff; but let him remember that Mr. Ward is a great American sociologist, a severe critic of Spencer, and an authority studied in colleges.

However, Mr. Ward is not to be justly deprived of whatever credit is his for an entirely different opinion of government expressed in the chapter on "Meliorism." There we find

him saying, in answer to *laissez-faire*-ists:

Few will probably insist that it [government] has wholly failed, and nearly all believe that without it there could have been very little or no progress. Let any one reflect how jealously vested rights are guarded by law, how commerce and industry are permitted to go on unmolested, how personal liberty is guaranteed and crimes against persons and property are punished, and figure to himself what the state of things would be in the total absence of governmental supervision.

We will not ask Mr. Ward to reconcile this passage with that quoted above, but we have the right to ask him to choose between the two views.

Perhaps, however, Mr. Ward will offer to amend his language so as to convey the idea that, while at present government is not the social intellect, because it fails to work for the benefit of its members, it is possible to so reform it that it will become the analogue of the individual brain. Indeed, Mr. Ward is not pleased with democracy, which is party government, or majority government. He feels that it is rather strong and audacious to pretend that government is the social intellect or brain when, as a matter of fact, "the losing party [in a democracy] usually regards the government as something alien to it and hostile, like an invader, and thinks of nothing but to gain strength enough to overthrow it at the next opportunity." To this state of things psychological sociologists can find no analogue in the animal organism; hence the need of removing it as a condition to completing the analogy aforesaid. We turn to the chapter on "Sociocracy" for the needed repairs. I quote:

There is one power, and one only, that is greater than that which now chiefly rules society [plutocracy]. That power is society itself. There is one form of government that is stronger than autocracy or aristocracy or democracy, or even plutocracy, and that is sociocracy. . . . .

How, then, it may be asked, do democracy and sociocracy differ? How does society differ from the people? If the phrase, the people, really meant the people, the difference would be less. But that shibboleth of democratic States, where it means anything at all that can be described or defined, stands simply for the majority of qualified electors, no matter how small that majority may be. . . . .

Sociocracy will change all this. Irrelevant issues will be laid aside. The important objects *upon which all but an interested few are agreed* will receive their proper degree of attention, and measures will be considered in a non-partisan spirit with the sole purpose of securing these objects.

Is it possible that, after this luminous explanation, any reader is dull enough to fail to perceive the great difference between democracy and sociocracy? Sociocracy will abjure partisanship and lay aside all irrelevant issues. It will, we further learn, "inquire in a business way, without fear, favor, or bias, into everything that concerns its welfare," and "do, under the same circumstances, exactly what an individual would do." How simple and straightforward!

Let no one imagine, however, that Mr. Ward would require in his sociocracy virtual unanimity—the agreement of all but an interested few—as a condition of legislation, taxation, and action. Why he introduces this qualification I am at a loss to know. Nothing is more remote from his intention than real observance of such a limitation. "It is useless," he says in another place, "to maintain that the functions of government are necessarily limited to the few that have thus far been undertaken. The only limit is that of the good of society." In the concluding paragraphs of "Sociocracy" he suggests that "society can well afford to try experiments in certain directions and note the results," because "trial is the ultimate test of scientific theory," in social as in physical science. Thus sociocracy will do a great deal more than democracy is doing, and we must look for other differences than quantitative ones in favor of sociocracy.

The minority will not be consulted by sociocracy any more than it is by democracy. With his remarkable facility in self-contradiction, Mr. Ward tells us in this same chapter that "there is no denying the right of the majority to act for society, for, to do this, would involve either the denial of the right of government to act at all, or the admission of the right of the minority to act for society"—which would be dreadful and revolting to the psychical sociologist with his social intellect! Where, then, *is* the superiority of sociocracy? Right here: "A majority acting for society is a different thing from society acting for itself," and under sociocracy society would act for itself "through an agency chosen by its members." Is not this sufficiently clear? Society chooses its agents, and these members act for it. Democracy likewise chooses its agents, and these agents act for it, but there is a difference somewhere. *I* do not know where, and I suspect that Mr. Ward knows even less than I do, for *he* is intoxicated by his own senseless jargon. He does not indicate *how* society would choose agents under sociocracy, *how* these would be made to act for the whole society, and *how* partisanship and tyrannical majority rule will be prevented. There is not a word about the methods, the machinery, the forms and institutions, of sociocracy.

So much for the solution of the social problem afforded by "meliorism," and for that new form of government, sociocracy. Decidedly, the psychic factors of Mr. Ward's intellectual personality are negligible quantities, whatever we may think of the psychic factors of civilization. V. Y.

Stirner's Rejoinders.

As was stated in the November issue of Liberty, John Henry Mackay has published, in a companion volume to his life of Max Stirner, the latter's "Kleinere Schriften" and two rejoinders to the critics of "Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum." The "Kleinere Schriften" consist of five essays on pedagogical, literary, political, and religious matters, which appeared in various newspapers and magazines several years before the publication of Stirner's masterpiece in 1844. These essays are of great interest, and I hope to return to them, and treat of them more fully, at some future time. In this article I intend to give in summary and free translation some account of Stirner's first rejoinder to his critics.

Shortly after the publication of "Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum" there appeared three attacks on the book, to which Stirner replied almost immediately. The first was by Szeliga, of the critical school; the second by Ludwig Feuerbach, the philosopher of humanism; the third by M. Hess, the Socialist. Stirner deals with these three antagonists in his first rejoinder. The second rejoinder appeared nearly two years later, and is directed against an attack on "Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum" by Kuno Fischer.

The three earlier critics are in general accord among themselves in misconstruing those words in Stirner's book which are the most striking—"der Einzige" and "der Egoist," the ego* and the egoist. Stirner avails himself of this agreement to discuss these points at the outset, and reserves a separate treatment of each critic for the close of his rejoinder.

In championing the ego, Stirner was assumed by his critics to be setting up some new ideal, some new abstraction to which he wished all men to conform. But Stirner disavows such intention, and declares it his purpose rather to put an end to all abstractions, and, by emancipating man from their dominion, to inaugurate the revival and rise of science as life.

We have flattered ourselves that we were speaking of the "real, individual man" when we were speaking of "man." But was this possible, Stirner asks, so long as people sought to express the individual man by a general term? You yourself are always left out when you are described as "a child of God," "a Christian," "a true individual," "a man," etc. You may be all these, but you are also much more. No term with a conceptual content of its own can ever do you full justice. It may say *what* you are, but never *who* you are. The term "man," for instance, does not adequately and completely express you. It stands for what all men have in common, but not for what differentiates you from all other men and makes of you a unique individual,—for that in you which defies all definition. To indicate the latter it is necessary to have recourse, not to a general term, but to a designation the important thing about which shall be that which is left unexpressed,—namely, the characteristic and differentiating element in each individual. In this sense Stirner uses the term "der Einzige," the ego. He names the ego, and says at the same time: words do not express you; he mentions him by calling him the ego, and yet adds that the ego is only a name; he consequently means something else than he says, as he who calls you Ludwig does not mean any Ludwig in general, but you, for whom he has no word. What Stirner *says* is a word, a thought, a concept; what he *means* is no word, no thought, no concept. What he says is not what is meant, and what he means is undefinable. Without content and direction of its own, the term ego therefore looks for content and direction exclusively to each particular concrete individual, and thus gives the quietus to the dominion of absolute thoughts and abstractions in human society; for only when nothing is predicated of you and when you are only named are you left entirely free and finally recognized as you yourself.

This point, which is the whole point in controversy,—namely, that the essence of man is not the essence of any particular man, just as the cards are not the essence of a house of cards,—is not apprehended by Stirner's critics, and the ego therefore emerges unscathed from

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* "The ego" is not a perfectly accurate rendering of "der Einzige;" perhaps I ought to caution the reader that I use the word without any philosophical meaning that may attach to it from other usage.—G. S.

their fire.

We now come to the egoist. He has given Stirner's critics more annoyance than the ego. Instead of entering on a discussion of egoism as Stirner conceives it, they expose to view its popular bogey and unroll its well-worn list of sins. Behold here egoism, the horrible sin—Stirner would urge *that* on us! After citing some very popular characterizations of egoism by Hess, Stirner expresses surprise that such simple reflections did not occur to himself, and wonders why he did not allow the thought of the folly, baseness, and villainy of egoism to persuade him to abjure the ugly monster.

Feuerbach, Hess, and Szeliga are egoists, Stirner continues. He asks if any of them lives in any other world than his own. Not only does he live in the midst of it; he is himself its centre. This is true of each individual. World is only what you are not yourself; but what belongs to you, stands in relation to you, is for you. Everything turns round you; you are the centre of the outer world and the centre of the thought world. Your world extends as far as your faculty for grasping it extends, and what you grasp is, by the mere grasping, your own. You, the ego, are an "ego" only in connection with "your own." You are not unaware, however, that what is your own has at the same time an independent existence, is an ego like you. So musing, you forget yourself in sweet self-forgetfulness. But, though you forget yourself, you do not therefore cease to be. If you look into the eyes of a friend and contemplate some joy for him; if you lose yourself in scientific research; if, heedless of your own peril, you hasten to the rescue of another person in some emergency,—you surely do not think of yourself, you forget yourself. Do we live only through consciousness? Who does not lose sight of and forget himself a thousand times in an hour? *This* self-forgetfulness is only a mode of our satisfaction, is only enjoyment of our world, of our own. Not in this self-forgetting, but in forgetting that the world is *our* world, disinterestedness has its foundation. You prostrate yourself and throw yourself away before an absolute, a "higher" world. Disinterestedness is a self-forgetting not in the sense that we do not think of ourselves, but in the sense that we lose sight of "our own" in the world, and of the fact that we are the owners of the world. Fear and awe before the world as a "higher" world is discouraged egoism, "humble" egoism, egoism in servile shape which dare not stir, which sneaks stealthily and "renounces itself;" it is self-renunciation.

Our world and the sacred world—therein lies the difference between sincere egoism and duped, unconfessed egoism, or disinterestedness.

After these general observations, Stirner subjects some of the illustrations introduced by his critics to an analysis, and illuminates his own position. For instance, Feuerbach had said: "There is a well-founded difference between what is called selfish love and what is called unselfish love. What difference? Briefly this: in selfish love the object is your mistress; in unselfish love, your sweetheart." Of this Stirner remarks that the one case is a business relation without a personal interest, and the other a personal relation. What is the meaning of the latter? Surely the mutual interest in the person. If the personal interest should disappear, the relation would become meaningless; for this interest alone is its meaning. Now, what is marriage, which is extolled as a "sacred institution," but the fixing of an interesting relation, notwithstanding the danger that it may become uninteresting and meaningless? It is said marriage must only not be dissolved lightly. But why not? Because in "sacred matters" levity is a sin. Then we have an egoist who is cheated out of his levity, and condemned to continue in an uninteresting, but sacred, relation. The egoistic union has become a "sacred union;" the personal interest ceases, but the uninteresting union remains.

Stirner cites work which is set up as a human calling as another example of the uninteresting. From this arises the delusion that one must *earn* his bread, and that it is a disgrace to have bread without having done something for it; this is the *pride of merit*. To work has in itself no worth and honors no man, as the idle life of the lazzarone does not disgrace him. Either you take an interest in work and can find no rest except in work, and then work is your pleasure and of no higher account than the idleness of the lazzarone, which also is his pleasure; or you pursue some other interest through work,—a result or a wage,—and submit to it only as to a means which will yield the end desired, and then it is indeed not interesting in itself; but neither does it pretend to be so, and you may know that it is not valuable or sacred in itself, but, under the circumstances, only an unavoidable condition of securing the desired result or wage. But the work which is regarded as an "honor to man" and as a "calling" is the mother of political economy and lord of *holy* socialism, where, as "human work," it is "called" to develop "human faculties," and where this process of development is a "human calling," an absolute interest.

The notion that anything except an interest can justify one's pursuit of a matter produces disinterestedness and "sin." It is only before the sacred interest that one's personal interest turns into detestable egoism and sin. Stirner tersely signalizes the difference between sacred interest and personal interest thus: "Against the former I can commit a sin; the latter I can only forfeit;" and he warns you that, if you take but *one* sacred interest to heart, you will be bound and cheated out of your own interests. Sanctify the interest which you pursue to-day, and you will be its slave to-morrow.

Returning to Feuerbach's illustration of the mistress and the sweetheart, Stirner imagines a couple who would like to live together, because nature leaves them no rest. But, they say, do you know what unchastity is? It is a sin, a degradation. If they said: "By being unchaste we shall forfeit more important interests," this consideration would be no religious scruple,* and they would forego their desire, not for chastity, but for other advantages which they do not wish to sacrifice. But, if they suppress their desire for the sake of chastity, they do so from religious scruples. What interest have they in chastity? Surely no natural interest, for nature urges them to unchastity; their real, unmistakable, and undeniable interest is unchastity. But chastity is a spiritual interest, an absolute interest, before which the natural and private interests must give way, and which makes the spirit scrupulous. Now, some persons throw off their scruples by a "start," by the exclamation "Stuff and nonsense!" because, however scrupulous or religious they may otherwise be, an instinct here tells them that against nature the spirit is a splenetic despot; while others overcome their scruples by further thought, and thus fortify themselves also theoretically. The former knock down the scruples; the latter dissolve them by means of their virtuosity in thinking,—a virtuosity which makes thinking interesting and a need to them.

The difficulties and scruples having been raised by the spirit, it seems to follow that they can be removed only by thinking. In what evil plight would be the poor souls who, having had all these scruples talked into them, lack the power of thought to overcome them! In what evil plight, if they had to wait until pure criticism gave them their freedom again! But, in the meantime, they help themselves by a healthy levity, which *for their need* is just as good as free thinking is for pure criticism, since the critic as a virtuoso in thought has an irrepressible impulse to overcome his scruples by thinking.

Scruples are as common as talking and daily intercourse; what is there to be urged against them, then? Nothing—except that common and every-day scruples are not sacred scruples. The common scruples come and go, but the sacred scruples remain and are absolute (dogmas, creeds, principles). It is against these that the egoist, the desecrator, revolts. He challenges their sacred might to combat with his egoistic power. All free thinking is a desecration of scruples, and an egoistic revolt against their sacred rule. Although much free thought, after some bold marches, comes again to a halt before some new sacred scruple, and thus puts egoism to shame, yet free thought in its freest form—pure criticism—does not budge before any absolute scruple, and desecrates with egoistic persistence one sacred scruple after another! But because this freest thinking is only egoistic *thinking*, it in its turn changes into the sacred power of thought, and proclaims the gospel that only in thought is salvation to be found. Thought itself now appears as a sacred thing, as a human calling, as a sacred—scruple: according to it only knowledge dissolves the scruples.

If scruples could be dissolved only by thinking, men would never be ready to shake them off.

Scrupulosity, even if it reaches pure criticism, is nevertheless only religiousness; the religious man scruples. But it is a matter for pause to put forth the notion that scruples can be removed only by thinking,—to pooh-pooh the "convenient" unscrupulousness as an egoistic dread of work by the masses.

Scrupulous egoism wants only the recognition of the unscrupulous, to place the emphasis on

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*My use of the words scruple, scrupulosity, and unscrupulousness, for the German *Bedenken*, *Bedenklichkeit*, and *Unbedenklichkeit*, does not satisfy me, but I know of no better translation. However, by stripping the English words of their moral bias, and taking them at their original meaning, the reader will have little difficulty in grasping and following the thought. —G. S.

egoism instead of on scrupulosity, and to see in the egoist the overcomer, whether he overcomes through thinking or through unscrupulousness.

Is thinking here denounced? No, it is only deprived of its sacredness; it is only denied as an *end* or a calling; as a *means*, it is left to all who can avail themselves of it. The end of thought is rather unscrupulousness. The end every thinker seeks in thinking is a point where he shall be relieved from further thinking. But, if we sanctify the "work of thought," we invest man no less with a calling than when we prescribe his faith, and, instead of leading to, we lead away from, unscrupulousness, the real or egoistic meaning of thinking.

However, the scruples produced by thinking are with us, and can be indeed also removed by thinking. But thinking will be effective only if it is egoistic thinking; the egoist will prevail only if he criticises from his own standpoint, and not from the standpoint of the Christian, the Socialist, the humanist, etc. For the interest of the ego, your interest, is tabooed in the sacred world, and this same world, which is accused by Hess and Szeliga as an egoistic world, has, on the contrary, for thousands of years put the egoist in the pillory and fanatically sacrificed egoism to every sacred folly that arose in the realm of thought and faith. We are not living in an egoistic world, but in a thoroughly sacred world.

After remarking that it cannot be the task of history, as it might seem, to dissolve the prevailing scruples through critical thought, and that not dissolution, but discretionary power which makes short work of scruples, not the power of thought, but the power of thoughtlessness, appears to be in the ascendant, Stirner refers to a passage in his book to the effect that "the enormous significance of thoughtless exultation could not be recognized in the long night of thought and faith," and adds that he has thereby described nothing less than, first, the *egoistic basis* of all criticism of sacred things, and, second, the *simple form of egoistic criticism*, which he attempted to carry out by means of his power of thought (a mere virtuosity); he endeavored to show how one without scruples may avail himself of thought in criticising the scruples from the position of the ego,—that is, from his own point of view.

Turning over a number of brilliant pages, we come to where Stirner finds his antagonists making the egoist out a sinner. The one who does so most unequivocally, and thereby shows that he has missed the real point in Stirner's book, is Hess. For does Stirner deny that the egoist is a sinner? Listen to him. If a European kills a crocodile, he acts as an egoist against the crocodile, but has no qualms about it, and does not accuse himself of a sin; but, if an ancient Egyptian, to whom the crocodile was a sacred animal, had nevertheless killed one in self-defence, he would indeed have defended himself as an egoist, but at the same time also committed a sin; his egoism would have been a sin,—he, the egoist, a sinner. Thus it appears that the egoist is necessarily a sinner as against "sacred," or "higher," things; if he asserts his egoism as against sacred things, he commits a sin. But it is, on the other hand, a sin only so long as it is measured by a sacred rule, and only the egoist who is possessed of the consciousness of sacred things is at the same time burdened by qualms and the consciousness of sin. The European who murders a crocodile is likewise conscious of his egoism,—that is, he acts as a conscious egoist,—but he never considers his egoism as a sin, and he laughs at the qualms of the Egyptian. As against sacred things the egoist is consequently at all times a sinner; as against these he can become nothing but a—*criminal*. The *sacred* crocodile stamps the *egoistic* man as a *sinful* man. But the egoist can purge himself of the sinner and the sin by *desecrating* the idea of sacredness, as the European kills the crocodile without sin, because His Holiness the crocodile is to him a crocodile without holiness.

Another notion put forth by the critics of egoism is that it is synonymous with isolation. But what in the world, asks Stirner, has isolation to do with egoism? Do I become an egoist by fleeing human society? I isolate myself indeed, but, in doing so, I am not a whit more egoistic than others who remain in society and enjoy its advantages. If I isolate myself, I do so because society has no more attractions for me; if I remain in society, it is because it still has attractions for me. To remain in society is no less egoistic than to flee from it.

But "an egoist is one who considers only himself." That would be a man, says Stirner, who knows none of the joys that spring from sympathy with others, who is deprived of countless pleasures—*a poor nature*. But why call this forsaken and isolated individual more of an egoist than richer natures? Why call him who lacks an interest more egoistic than one who has it? Is the oyster more egoistic than the dog, the Negro more egoistic than the Caucasian, the poor, despised, peddling Jew more egoistic than the enthusiastic Socialist, the Vandal who destroys works of art for which he has no sense more egoistic than the art-lover who guards them with jealous care because he appreciates and has an interest in them? And, if now there were a man who felt no human interest in men, who knew not how to appreciate them, would he not be a poorer egoist, instead of, as the enemies of egoism say, an egoist of egoists? Whoever loves a human being is richer by this love than another who does not love one; but there is no antithesis of egoism and non-egoism between the two, since both follow only their interest. Egoism, as taught by Stirner (and in his own language), is in no antagonism to love, in no antagonism to thought, is no enemy of a tender love life, is no enemy of devotion and sacrifice, no enemy of the tenderest kindliness; but also no enemy of criticism, no enemy of socialism,—in brief, no enemy of any *real interest:* it excludes no interest. It is directed only against disinterestedness and the uninteresting; not against love, but against sacred love; not against thought, but against sacred thought; not against the socialists, but against the holy socialists, etc. The "exclusiveness" of the egoist is full participation in the interesting through—elimination of the uninteresting.

With the remark that his critics did not give him the benefit of the greater part of his book, —the part dealing with My Commerce and the Union of Egoists,—Stirner closes the general observations of his first rejoinder, and enters on a short separate consideration of Szeliga, Feuerbach, and Hess. Of this, as well as of his rejoinder to Kuno Fischer, Liberty will offer a review in a later issue. G. S.

"The Ballad of Reading Gaol."

The two pamphlets, "Are Anarchists Thugs?" and Bellegarrigue's "Anarchy is Order," whose early publication I promised in the January issue of Liberty, have not yet been put to press. The plates are ready, but at the last moment I found it advisable to put them aside for a time, in order to give all my attention to the issuing of Oscar Wilde's incomparable poem, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." This will be published on March 22, in two editions,—book and pamphlet. The book will have a binding of blue cloth, with vellum back, and will be printed on the finest hand-made antique paper, with deckel edges and generous margins. It will be a volume of remarkable richness and beauty, and will be sold at one dollar a copy. The pamphlet edition, on the other hand, will cost the reader but ten cents. While the latter also will be a thing of beauty, the former should be selected in preference by every one who has a library or the nucleus of one. This advice accords with my business interest as publisher, but it is offered none the less in good faith. The poem is worthy of preservation. While Wilde's name does not appear in the book,—the *nom de plume* used on the title-page being C. 3. 3., which was the poet's prison number,—the authorship is an open secret. It contains more than six hundred lines, and is dedicated to the memory of a trooper of the royal horse guards, who, having been sentenced to death for the murder of his wife, or mistress (I don't know which), was hanged in the gaol at Reading during Wilde's imprisonment there. It depicts the terrible sensations of the poet and his fellow-prisoners before and after the execution, and most forcefully portrays the horrors of prison life. I hope every reader of Liberty will do his best to help this book to a wide circulation by asking for it at the bookstores and news stands in his vicinity. Each should purchase a bound copy for his own library, and one or more copies of the pamphlet to give away. I especially commend its perusal to Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., who thinks that Wilde should have been imprisoned for twenty years. In fact, I begin to see some excuse for Dr. Foote's severity. I should be almost tempted to favor such a term for Wilde, if I could be sure that he would heap coals of fire on our heads by giving us as great a poem as this for each and every year of his confinement. To give the reader a taste of the poem's quality, I append a couple of stanzas:

I know not whether Laws be right,
  Or whether Laws be wrong;
All that we know who lie in gaol
  Is that the wall is strong;
And that each day is like a year,
  A year whose days are long.

But this I know, that every Law
  That men have made for Man,
Since first Man took his brother's life,
  And the sad world began,
But straws the wheat and saves the chaff
  With a most evil fan.

In this poem we get a terrific portrayal of the soul of man under Archism.

T.

Light's Decalogue.

He is atheist who serves
God that falters, Truth that swerves.
Graven images they make
Who their idols do not break.
They keep holy sabbath days
Only who are right always.
Honor to their parents give
They who teach a child to live.
They are murderers who will
In the cause of life not kill,
And a loveless marriage is
Greatest of adulteries.
He's a thief who does not dare
Take what tyrants ought to spare.
And false witness who'd deny
Truth the weapons of the lie,
While they covet not who are
In the dark, yet grasp the star.

Hudor Genone.

"The Hocus Pocus of It All."

In the latter part of 1898, in Oshkosh, Wis., Thomas I. Kidd, general secretary of the Amalgamated Woodworkers, and two other members of woodworkers' unions, were tried on a charge of conspiracy to injure the business of the Paine Lumber Company, the charge growing out of a strike of the woodworkers for higher pay. The prosecution was conducted by the district attorney, Walter W. Quartermass, and by F. W. Houghton, special counsel appointed for the occasion. The principal lawyer for the defence was Clarence S. Darrow, of Chicago. Mr. Darrow's summing up, which was followed by the acquittal of the defendants, has been printed in a pamphlet of eighty pages, published by the Campbell Printers, 79 Fifth avenue, Chicago, and is well worth reading for many reasons, not the least of which is the ardent sincerity that distinguishes it from most addresses of lawyers to juries. The complaint was based in part upon a speech made by Kidd at the funeral of a boy who had lost his life in the tumult of the strike. The passage in which Mr. Darrow deals with this speech and the attitude of the prosecution toward it is one of the most effective portions of his address, and is reproduced below:

Let me read the last paragraph of this memorable address, for it was the address of a loving chieftain over a dead comrade who had lost his life in as holy a cause as ever men waged for right: "I glory in the fight you have made, only deploring the lamentable occurrence of last Thursday, only deploring these riots, because riots they were; but I believe, however, that we are not altogether responsible for them. I glory in the fight you are making; I believe it is going to benefit labor in Oshkosh; I believe it is going to benefit labor in Wisconsin, and will benefit labor, so far as the woodworking industry is concerned, throughout the United States and throughout the world.

"All hail to labor; all hail the coming of a new time when men will not travel the highways and byways of this country seeking in vain for opportunity to work and make the world richer by their labor.

"All hail the coming of a new era when children shall work neither on farm, in factory, nor in mines, but shall enjoy the recreation and education essential for their future well-being, and the welfare of their country.

"All hail the coming of a new Christianity, a Christianity that will not pander to the wealthy and help perpetuate the present system with all of its horrible inequalities, but a Christianity that will teach what Christ taught,—love, brotherhood, humanity, and truth.

"All hail the dawning of a new time when right, not might, shall rule the land, when love, not hate, shall bind mankind, when worth, not wealth, shall command the admiration of the people, when paupers shall be scarce as millionaires. Labor is striving to lift the people upward. It is striving to bring about the time of which the poet speaks: 'Upward, onward press the people to the pure celestial heights.'"

Gentlemen, that is Thomas I. Kidd. Those are the spontaneous utterances that were taken down from the lips of a man in the deepest feelings of his life. Not studied, not made, not revised, but welling out from his being, coming from his very soul. Gentlemen, if you and I can do as well; if you and I can feel in our hearts the gentleness, and tenderness, and love that Thomas I. Kidd had in his on that memorable day, then, whatever any human tribunals may say, we may rest assured that in the sight of eternal justice our hearts are pure and clean.

There was another address made once upon a time, and I undertake to say that no man could have made the address of Thomas I. Kidd at the funeral of his dead comrade excepting he had read the address of that other man, of that meek and lowly Jesus who was convicted eighteen hundred years ago. I undertake to say that no person in this country, whatever they might be in some other land, would be filled with the human charity and human love that breathes in every line of the address of Thomas I. Kidd, unless he had studied the words of Jesus, the greatest heretic, and the greatest benefactor, perhaps, of whom we know. There was another address made eighteen hundred years ago; and, if these prosecutors had been called on in those days by the powerful and the rich to send that man to the cross, they would have used that address as they have used this of Thomas I. Kidd. They would have plead to a jury, as in this case, that, while the words that fell from the lips of Christ seemed to bear love and charity and tenderness to all the world, still these words were "hocus pocus," as Brother Quartermass put it, and they meant something else. It is asked of you, gentlemen of the jury, that you shall convict Thomas I. Kidd on the statements that he made, and then, gentlemen, because his words were kind and humane and loving and tender, you are asked to believe that he did not say what he meant. What should Kidd have said? If in the intensity of his feelings he had spoken as I have spoken, then those words would be there to condemn him. If in the love of his great human heart he should speak words of tenderness and pity, then you are to say that he did not mean these words, and that it was all a delusion and a snare. If these gentlemen had been present at that famous trial eighteen hundred years ago, they would have picked up a stenographer to go and hear the Sermon on the Mount, not for the purpose of having him listen to its blessed truths and let its lesson sink deep into his heart, but in hopes that he might find something to send him to the cross. And then they would have read: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." And then Quartermass would have said: "'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.' What does that mean, gentlemen of the jury? How shall the meek inherit the earth unless they go out and take it, gentlemen? There you have it. It is 'hocus pocus.' Jesus said it, of course, because he was up on a high mountain where everybody could see and hear him. He said: 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth;' but what he meant was that the poor fishermen of Judea should go and take it by force of arms; and there is the 'hocus pocus' of it all." Then Quartermass would have said: "'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.'" But he would have argued that, when Jesus said "Blessed are the peacemakers," he was standing up on a hill, where everybody could hear him; and his reference to peacemakers meant exactly the opposite of what he said, and he meant they should go and stir up riots and destruction; and evil was in his heart, instead of good. "Don't you remember, don't you remember, when he was gathered together with a few disciples, and said: 'I come not to bring peace, but a sword.' Ah! and when he got up on the high mountain, surrounded by all the people of the earth and speaking to the multitude that heard his voice, he said: 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' and he meant, gentlemen, exactly the opposite of what he said; and there is the 'hocus pocus' of it all. And, gentlemen, he also said: 'Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' 'They shall be filled.' What does that mean, gentlemen? It means that they shall have beer, that they shall have plenty to eat, and they shall have plenty to drink. It means, gentlemen, when he said it upon the hill, it meant that they should have plenty to eat and plenty to drink, and they should go out and get it." That's what the Quartermasses of that day and the Houghtons of that day undoubtedly said; "and they convicted him."

The End of a Sad Farce.

[Newcastle Chronicle.]

The last day for granting certificates of exemption under the new vaccination act in respect of children born before the passing of the statute has expired. It is not without regret that we make the announcement. There will, it is true, be an end of the rush of conscientious objectors, and some abatement of the apprehension caused by their tumultuous and effective occupation of the police courts. But, on the other hand, the curtain falls on the finest comedy of its kind ever performed before the British public free, *gratis*, and for nothing. To those who have not become panic-stricken in consequence of the discardment by a section of the population of an alleged safeguard as to whose merits the most eminent experts differ, there can have been nothing more amusing than the scenes daily enacted in our minor tribunals. The reasons adduced by the conscientious objector, the complacency with which they were listened to by some magistrates, the indignation they aroused in others, the arguments between the bench and the applicant, the lectures delivered in sorrow and in anger, the wealth of vituperation lavished on the government, the sarcasms heaped upon the head of the president of the local government board, the terror evinced by the conscientious non-objector, the schemes for the formation of a committee of national defence, the anarchistic proposals mooted by the mildest of Tories—all these have combined to provide three months of genuine diversion. To crown everything with an appropriate climax, we have Sir Richard Thorne pronouncing, in his annual report, what is virtually a vote of censure on his chief. About one-third of the children in the country, says Mr. Chaplin's official medical adviser, are now unvaccinated; and in this way England is "being prepared for widespread epidemics of small-pox such as have been unknown to the present generation." This doleful view is largely entertained. Those who hold it, however, do not explain why, if we escaped these dreadful "epidemics" when the number of the unvaccinated exceeded twenty per cent., we should be assured of an invasion of disease because the percentage is supposed to have risen—we do not believe it has risen—to thirty-three per cent. or thereabouts. Perhaps no explanation is possible. There is great consolation in that reflection.

On the last day for swearing-off, as we may describe the operation, the proceedings in the courts abounded in comical episodes. Not the least diverting was the efficacy which the "Encyclopædia Britannica" was shown to possess as a mollifier of recalcitrant magistrates. There formerly lived a north-country worthy who, when his literary accuracy was questioned, used to "floor" his critics with a folio edition of Johnson's Dictionary. Two or three parents in search of eighteenpenny consciences "floored" the autocrat of the Thames police court with the "V" volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Animated by a determination to defend the fatherland at all hazards, he had refused certificates to and ordered to "stand down" persons who argued that "matter from a calf must be bad," that people had been seized with small pox five days after vaccination, and the like. But he succumbed when the "V" volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" was metaphorically pitched at him. It reminds one of the behavior of the pirates in the comic opera. They, it will be remembered, refused to surrender to entreaties or menaces. But they laid down their arms immediately they were bidden to do so in the name of the queen. Similarly, the representative of the law's majesty surrendered when summoned in the name of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Conscientious objectors will do well to note the circumstance; and it must be admitted in his worship's defence, if he needs defending, that the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is a hard nut to crack. If, instead of abusing the anti-vaccinator, his opponents would endeavor to crack it, they would be more usefully employed than they are at present.

A curious and not wholly unconvincing ground of

objection was given by an applicant at another of the London courts. He had, he averred, had all his children vaccinated except one, and that poor unprotected child was the only one which had escaped small pox. He got his certificate from a magistrate who seems conscientiously to object to granting these documents. At the South-West London police court the magistrate refused, at a certain period, to hear any further applications, declaring that he was not going to keep people in custody for these trivial matters. At the North London court, on the contrary, Mr. Dickinson, addressing a crowd of searchers after exemptions, invited all who had scruples to signify the same in the usual way. A forest of hands went up, and certificates were issued in each case. But of these proceedings we have reached the conclusion. Hereafter applications will be confined to children born after the passing of the act, and will be heard singly. It is gratifying to see that some vaccinators, at any rate, have learned the lesson enforced by recent events. Dr. Bond, the secretary of the Jenner Society, writes that "the object we have to keep before us is that the public shall be at least better informed as to the truth about vaccination than they have been hitherto." "There can be no doubt," he adds, "that, if parents could be as fully convinced by force of evidence that the statements of anti vaccinators are either untrue or fallacious, as they are, the wholesale opposition to vaccination which now appears to exist would gradually lessen, and be again reduced to that small section of the community which, by its peculiar mental constitution, seems to naturally adjust itself to being 'anit' everything that the rest of the community consider reasonable." The policy thus inelegantly outlined is unquestionably the proper one to adopt. Had it been pursued from the first, there would have been no rebellion against vaccination worthy of serious attention.

The Pimps of Virtue.

[Le Pic, in "Les Droits de l'Homme."]

Wherever a fickle people has shown a readiness to believe calumniators, love of the public welfare has furnished a pretext to thieves for the spoliation of the honest. In all republics has been witnessed the spectacle of the most contemptible brigands enriching themselves by the informer's trade, as other people support themselves by the labor of their hands. Long before the appearance of the anti-Semitic pack, there already flourished the abominable brood of rhetoricians, a mixture of bullies and blacklegs, of men of letters and blackguards, who, setting up for *savants* and saints with all the assurance born of ignorance, stupidity, and conceit, lived by assassinating, with the weapons of the slanderer, honest people too slow in opening their purse. To-day the avowed employment of this rabble is the making of war upon the Jews; formerly it had others; but in reality it is the same brood of thieves revived. Some persons fancy that these shameful anti-Semitic excitations are a disgrace peculiar to our epoch; not so; all ages have known these pious associations of public highwaymen who, in writings or speeches overflowing with hatred and falsehood, prostitute honor, virtue, religion, and country to the madness of their appetite and the excess of their greed.

At Athens the hypocritical blackguards, precursors of our anti Semites, were branded with the name of "sycophants."

In a law forbidding the exportation of figs it was ordained that those convicted of the offence should be disgraced and sentenced to pay a fine to the informer.

Straightway all the rascals of the city adopted for sole profession the saving of the State by accusing persons whom they wished to ruin or rob, and the name sycophant, which was given them, soon came to designate a whole legion of slanderous knaves. They denounced solely to enrich themselves. The honor and fortune of the most respectable citizens were at the mercy of the first ready-tongued rascal that might appear. Imprudent declaimers previously known only for the cynicism of their misdeeds suddenly mounted the public tribune to denounce, in harangues vibrant with patriotism, all who had not purchased their complicity or their silence. The triumph of the blackest scoundrelism lasted through a century of terror. Honest people had no protection left against the grossest insults and the most monstrous accusations. Every citizen, though he were the most venerable of his city, the very honor of his time, fell invariably into some trap, was drawn into some case of treason or conspiracy.

The effrontery, the audacity, and, above all, the greed of these individuals rendered them capable of all crimes. The republic became the prey of these wretches.

Aristophanes was the first to have the courage to scourge them with his heroic spirit. "Their dissolute tastes," he said, "testify to their heavenly calling;" and he added: "Money is their sole object; their patriotic declamations mask their covetous designs, and they spare only those whom they buy."

Isocrates, like Aristophanes, pursued the sycophants with all the ardor of his honest indignation. He found upon them stains equal to their abjection, tore off their mask, and had the good fortune to be able to demonstrate what vile blackguards were thus draping themselves in the mantle of morality and patriotism.

In Rome, toward the end of the republic, defence of virtue and country became the pretext for the worst crimes. All the ruined gamblers, all the debt ridden rakes, all the scandal-wrecked profligates, all the malefactors under the ban of the city, enrolled themselves successively in those bands of thieves that stormed the republic in order to regenerate and purify it.

All people in haste to get rich discovered the saviour's calling. They were generally poor devils, obscure and restless, of uncultivated but perverse mind, devoured by jealousy, tormented by greed, and incapable of subsisting by any honest work. At once cowardly and bold, abject and haughty, cringing and insolent, their audacity, their attacks, and their utter lack of scruple made them the terror of Rome. All those who believed themselves victims of fortune, all who struggled against a precarious position or a crushing past, all who complained of their place in society, the anxious, the ambitious, the discontented, hit upon some treason to denounce, as a means of retrieving their fortunes, some honest man to accuse, some citizen to ruin. And at this business all grew rich.

But the career of virtue and patriotism became particularly fruitful later, under the empire, when flourished the informers to whom the Cæsars abandoned a fourth of the fortune of citizens whom they convicted of treason or *lèse-majesté*. The pillars of morality then made scandalous fortunes. A Regulus whom Tacitus has branded made in five years, out of the booty taken from his victims, twenty million francs. After the condemnation of Thraseas and Saranus, each of the principal accusers received a million francs. Enius Marcelus and Vilius Crespus made sixty million francs out of a score of informations. And with the money these wretches demanded and obtained offices and dignities. Many despoiled also the richest and noblest citizens under pretext of restoring inheritances illegally procured.

Toward the beginning of our era this virtuous profession seemed for a moment to become less fertile in resources and richer in dangers, a few emperors having had several of these wretches whipped and others exiled and even executed. This was a respite for honest people, and the trade seemed ruined, when a providential circumstance again brought these malefactors forward, all the more formidable because of their period of idleness, which had intensified their baseness and greed.

Christianity spreading through the world, the early Christians made their appearance in Rome. In their wake arose from their shadow the horde of country-savers. Handsomely paid by the freedmen who swarmed about Cæsar and who sought any pretext for turning attention away from their own infamies, the informers undertook the task of drawing down upon the Christians the wrath of power and the curses of the populace. Every day there came from this cesspool some abominable accusation, exciting against the new sect the hisses and rage of the plebeians. And, strange to say,—a proof of the eternal renewal of the same infamies,—these accusations were exactly the same as those hurled at the Jews to day by the anti-Semitic mob. Plotting the ruin of the empire, living by robbery and usury, delighting in murder and spoliation of their neighbors,—these, according to the patriots of the time, according even to Tacitus and Suetonius, were the sole occupations of the worshippers of Christ; and it was for these crimes that the pure of that period, the licensed defenders of morality and religion, threw a batch of them every day to the tigers.

Eighteen centuries have passed over these abominations. Through all the changes that the world has undergone one thing has remained changeless,—the hypocritical horde of the knights of virtue, provokers of murder and pillage, who, always under the same pretexts, always by the same calumnies, urge on an entire people to the remunerative extermination of a defenceless minority.

The Special Jury Law.

The Brooklyn "Eagle" runs in its Sunday issue a department of "Legal Notes" of an unusually keen and lively character. Rumor has it that they are written by Justice William J. Gaynor, of the New York supreme court, but I cannot affirm this of my own knowledge. At any rate, the following, from the "Eagle" of January 22, is not unlike what Justice Gaynor might be expected to write about juries and the special jury law:

Men sit as jurors in Kings county who do not know enough to go along with their fellows to the jury-room after being charged by the court. Two such cases have occurred in the last few weeks. When the jurors got to their room in charge of a court officer, one was missing. In one case the eleven jurors remained locked up for several hours at night, until the court officers sent out to search for the missing man finally found him and brought him back. A motion was made next morning to set aside the verdict brought in. Think of the farce of a trial before such men, and of a judge charging them as to the law! And what is to be said of the judges and the bar submitting to such a condition of things?

The jury list of Kings county is so padded with aliens, dead men, persons unable to speak, write, or understand English, and others so grossly ignorant, that it is a reproach to the administration of justice. The legislature must soon interfere, if the commissioner of jurors and his staff do not make up a proper list. Only about eight thousand jurymen are needed in all the courts of record in Kings county in a year. That number of intelligent mechanics, merchants, manufacturers, and other business men can easily be selected out of the 220,000 men of the county. Instead, our juries average only a minority of fit men. The best this fit minority can do, as a rule, is to force some miserable compromise to save one side or the other from being worse wronged or robbed. The grotesqueness of some of these verdicts is common knowledge.

Our jury list is well adapted to encourage the bringing of fraudulent damage cases. If the jury list were made what it ought to be, one-third of the cases now on the calendar would be abandoned.

Three years ago a law was passed creating what is called a special panel of jurors. A commissioner and a staff of clerks were provided for to make up such panel. There is this year an item of $18,000 [for Kings county] in the budget to pay them their salaries. The commissioner was empowered to make up a special panel of 3,500 jurors by selecting that number of the most competent men out of the regular panel; and that was done. The serious lowering of the intelligence of the regular panel was soon obvious. And the men thus put upon such special panel are thereby withdrawn from all jury duty, for the special panel may be drawn from only by the district attorney to try special criminal cases, and he never draws from it. The object of the originators of this law seems to have been only to create several snug offices; or else their idea was that there are persons in the community too bad or too good, or too high or too low, to be tried by the same kind of a jury that tries the cases of every one else. District attorneys are evidently loath to conform to the creation of such a class distinction, for they have never resorted to this new panel.

Instead of this special panel having been created, the regular panel should have been reformed and elevated; and the judges and the bar are of opinion that the legislature will do well when it abolishes this so-called special panel, and orders the names on it put

back on the regular panel, where they can be of service in the administration of justice, and are sadly needed. A bill to effect this was introduced in the legislature by Senator Marshall last week. The idea of this special panel originated in minds in New York county not in harmony with the institutions of this country. The trouble there has not been to get jurymen to convict criminals, especially public criminals, but to get judges to try the cases fairly, and not so unfairly as to compel the court of appeals to reverse the convictions. Actual results over there, out of which the idea of a special panel of jurors came, shows that a special panel of judges, not a special panel of jurors, was needed. The jurors convicted in every case of crime by public officials, except one; but the judgments were uniformly reversed on appeal, for unfairness and error by the judges.

Balance-Sheet.

[L'Aurore.]

The special session of the chamber of deputies which closed Saturday night was opened October 25, lasting therefore three months. In this period, usually reserved for discussion of the appropriation bill, what did it do? Its first act was to overturn the existing ministry; its last was to vote two "provisional twelfths." In the interval not one useful law, not one precise political indication, not one republican or social manifestation. Exhausted by two long sittings devoted uselessly to the reform of the octroi, the deputies have gone home to rest. And, if their constituents ask them what they have done during these three months, some of them at any rate will be able to answer: "Oh! I have not wasted my time. On such a day, at such an hour, I gave my colleague X a beautiful punch in the eye."

The Typography of "I."

To the Editor of Liberty:

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C. L. Swartz.

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